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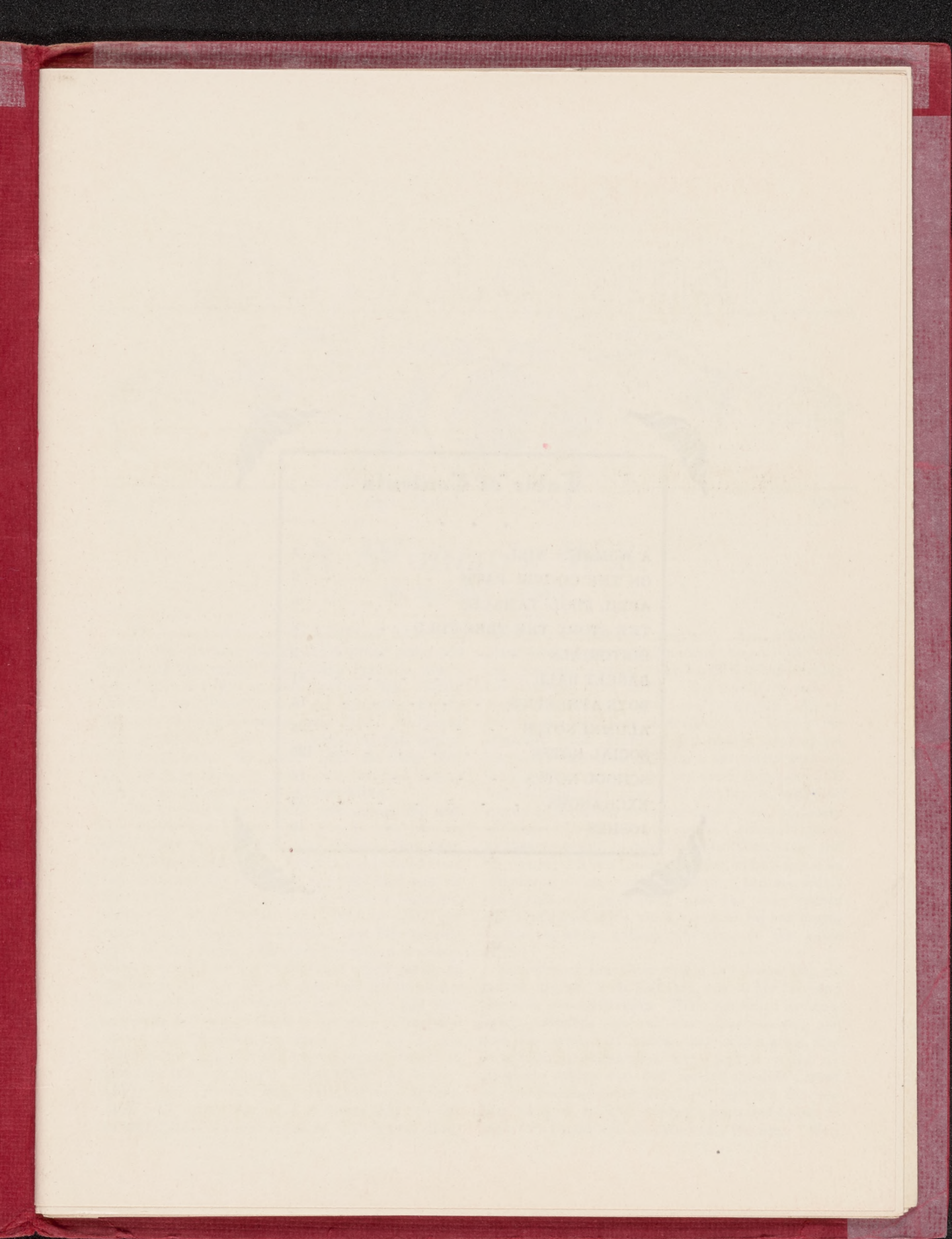
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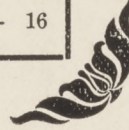



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The Sotoyoman



VOL. IV

HEALDSBURG, CAL., MAY, 1909

NO. 7

A Woman's Will.

By Kathleen Swisher

They were sitting at the breakfast table both silent, Mr. Garland reading his morning paper and his young and pretty wife sitting opposite him a scowl upon her face, a pout upon her lips. Softly the little maid flitted in and out attending to the mistress and masters wants gracefully. At length Mr. Garland folds his paper, drinks his final cup of coffee and leaves the table. Still the little blue gowned figure does not move—she watches him go out in the hall and put on his coat alone.

Never before has he done this unless she was ill. Tears come to her eyes but do not misconstrue their meaning, my dear readers, they were not of sorrow but anger. Quickly she jumped from the table and left the room, her head high and her cheeks flushed." Eleanor come here a moment, wont you dear," softly Mr. Garland spoke and entreatingly too but she brushed past him proudly and up the stairs. He sighed heavily and slowly went out the door and through the small garden to the street. He felt sad and depressed for this quarrel as the first they had ever had. They had been so happy and now to think of having a quarrel and over such a thing was too much.. All day at his office he thought of it and longed for six o'clock to come for this was nearly unbearable. At home, affairs were different, Mrs. Garland wept incessantly and vowed hundreds of times that "never, never, again would she speak to that horrid Rob,

she'd go right back to mother". She refused to leave her room and all day moped about in it vowing vengeance or doing some horrible thing to make her husband feel badly. But she was only a young impetuous girl so we can't blame her, for all her life she had been accustomed to having her slightest whim gratified and now to think of her husband refusing her \$150 for a pet poodle was too much. Why, at home she had every thing and \$150 was nothing and above all for her husband who vowed he loved her to refuse that to her, of course she argued, he told her he couldn't spare it then, as they were still in debt for their little home and he needed all his money to live on but would do something to make up for it later. But she didn't see it that way, poor child, who had been petted and pampered with money before her marriage, so that she knew nothing whatever of the value of it.

Five o'clock found her still in her home but no longer crying; a defiant look was on her face and her eyes were glittering. When she heard her husband's footsteps she ran down stairs quickly and into his arms. Of course there was a great deal of excuses, explanations, etc., and it ended by Eleanor saying she had decided she didn't want any old poodle anyway, that Mrs. Osgood's that she had admired so, had suddenly appeared to her as perfectly horrid and she didn't care for one.. "Well

little girl I am glad you've arrived at that conclusion because it was simply impossible for me to get it now and you would have to have gone without". This remark did not quite suit Mrs. Garland who had expected that her husband would be so delighted at her being in good humor and giving in that he would gladly consent to getting her one now.

But she did not show it and was cheerful and full of sparkling wit, but softly to herself she whispered, "I'll wait my time then I'll get it back on him." That evening they attended the theatre and everything went off lovely and once more the bird of domestic felicity settled upon the Garland home.

A day has passed and once more Mr. Garland leaves his office and goes out into the dark and blustering night eager to reach the bright warmth of his fire side and the comfort of his wife's love. Hurriedly jumping on a car he rides a few blocks, but what's that! A blockade, muttering and scowling the weary ones piled off the car to walk perhaps blocks and even miles. Mr. Garland turns up his coat collar and hurriedly walks along. Suddenly something shiney is pressed against his temple and a command "your money or your life." The suddenness of the affair so dumbfounded him that he stood still and gasped. "Hurry up" again the low voice commanded and before he knew what was going on \$150, his wages that he had just received and a signet ring was missing and also the bandit. "Well, I'll be switched," muttered the poor victim and he started to run after the fellow but decided he would instead hunt up a policeman. After finding a bluecoat and giving him all the clues he could he sorrowfully made his way home.

A cheery little wife met him at the door and upon seeing his damaged look anxiously inquired, "Why Rob what's the matter, are you hurt?" "Oh no little girl, only a little hard luck." He then told her of his experience and strange to say she laughed a merry little laugh which seemed to amuse her. "Well do you think it funny—I dont," growled Garland who was becoming real gloomy now. "Oh you dear big, big Rob, but just the picture you gave of it made me—well, it was sort of amusing but really dear, I'm sorry." But talking would do no good only make matters worse, so once again a miserable meal was spent. Mr. Garland silent and nervous, Mrs. G. quiet but with a strange twinkle in her eye. Days passed and still no trace of the robber, and gradually it was forgotten as a horrible dream and nothing more was said of it. Mrs. G. teased her husband constantly

with, "If you had let me have that money for my poodle dog the old robber wouldn't have gotten it." He agreed with this, and said he wished she did have a dog if she so wished it and if he only had that \$150 back, she might have it for that. One bright morning a few weeks later his wife pounced on him saying, "Say Rob if I find some clue of the robber or the money will you give it to me to get a dog?" "Certainly dearest, but do you think you could be a Sherlock Holmes?" "Just leave that to me" she gaily answered and said no more on the question. The next evening as he neared his home, he saw his wife in the garden, and what was that with her? A dog? Yes, a little ugly pug nosed poodle. "Well the deuce," he ejaculated. As Eleanor came running toward him, the little fat poodle waddled along as fast as its legs would permit. "Where'd you get it?" Mr. G. managed to speak as he looked dumbfounded at the ugly little thing standing there blinking at him. "Isn't he a dear—oh! I love him so," and Eleanor was on the ground patting the poodle and playing with it. "Well you're certainly a great big kid, but tell me where did you get it?" Did't you tell me I could have one if I found a clue, and I did't lose any time in getting him. "But where did you find it dear, really I am awfully anxious to know." "did't find it at all, had it all the time—" "You"—"Yes me, and I was the mighty robber. Now don't stand there like a booby and look at me like I am crazy, cause that's so" "Well how on earth, Eleanor, go on and tell me quick. She calmly looked at him, and said, "Just stop interrupting me and maybe I will." She stooped and lifted the poodle in her arms then sat it on a gate post and continued. "You know Rob how simply crazy I was for a poodle, and you said you couldn't spare the money and we had a little quarrel, well I felt pretty bad and just vowed I'd have that poodle or die. So I devised this scheme—I'd play the robber get your money and then after getting the promise from you that I did, I'd get the doggie. So when that night I heard that the cars were stopped, and knew you were coming home that dark way, I thought it would be such a fine joke, I never tho't of the danger, and putting on your old clothes I ran down to the corner. When I saw you coming and I knew I had to be brave, I was shaking so, and again when I spoke I was trembling all over and if you had said "boo" I would have dropped, but then I thought of this dear little poodle and how I wanted him so I clutched my silver knife, for such was my pistol, tightly and assulted you. My! but you were "easy money" Rob, and I could hardly keep from

laughing out loud and then after I disappeared around the corner and saw you stride down the street, it was too much and I laughed like sixty all to my self, of course, I had to hurry and get home because it would have been awful if you had brought a policeman up and nabbed me. But after all my scheme didn't work out just right. This morning after you left I took out the money intending to give it to you, then getting some back for my poodle, and not until I had my prize was I going to tell you of my little joke. But this morning what should arrive from mamma but this poodle—she knew I wanted one and as she was in New York, and saw this thoroughbred, she remembered me and sent it and I'm awfully glad too, cause really after all I felt rather guilty, and not even for this darling (patting the dog) I don't believe I would have taken the money from you. I just wanted to show you that you could get along

without that money and how badly I wanted a poodle. Mr. Garland laughed until tears came to his eyes, to think what his little wife had gone through and done for a poodle. Laughingly he swung the poodle in the air and the girl's eyes shone brightly to see that her husband, too, admired her pet. "Well dear, you certainly did want this poodle didn't you, and I admire your spirit of sticking to a thing till you get it. Why if I had known you wanted one that had you certainly should have had it, and I'd go through another robbery and lose \$150 to see you so happy." And after that there were no miserable meals at the Garland home for the mistress had no longer to pine for her hobby, a poodle, and Mr. Garland was now always met in the evening by two, his bright eyed wife and the pet of the household, the little ugly yet fascinating poodle.

On The Cinder Path.

By Everett Lampson.

It was the last of the track season and the interest was centered in the final meet, the annual field day of the S. M. A. A. L. The excitement was intense for if our school won this meet they would be sub-league champions and the meet depended on the next race, the 440. The score was close and nothing but a first place could win the victory.

Our school had felt confident of this race up to a few minutes before, when Amesbury sprained his ankle and was out of it. The race now fell to Brannum and there was a serious look on our trainer's face as he entered the track shed. He asked for Brannum and helped him to the track. On the way he told him that the meet depended on him and for him to run as he had never run before. They were near the start and his two dangerous rivals, which the trainer pointed out, were waiting. Brannum took one look at the bleachers and saw many of his school colors. The trainer whispered "run, run, run, don't pay any attention to them, you can beat them, you are going to beat them." The starter said, "On your marks," and Brannum took his position between his two rivals. He was nervous and breathed hard—the man on his left appeared confident and scarcely seemed to breathe and the one on the right was breathing easily. "Get set" awakened him from the midst of wild calculations, but he determined to do his best.

With the crack of the pistol the other men were off but he made a poor start. His opponent runners were a couple of strides ahead of him and the seriousness of the race was now felt by Brannum. He determined to win the race and a victory for his school and began to cut down their lead. He was now running easily and was even with the second man, he knew the pace was too fast and doubted wheather he could keep it up. He kept with it however and in a few seconds the second man lost his stride and he drew near to the leader.

He was running on even terms with the first man when stinging pains shot through the muscels of his limbs and broke his stride, though he lost a yard, he never thought of giving up. Everything began to reel, his eyes closed, and his legs seemed stiff and heavy, but he kept on. At times he thought that his rival was kicking cinders in his face and he determined he would protest the race.

He could hear his name, above all noises and excitement being called by his school freinds in the bleachers. He thought the course over distance, was discouraged and on the verge of stopping when he heard the crareckling sound of the cinders that told of a broken stride and he knew his rival was all in. He opened his eyes, saw the strained face of his rival and his fellow athletics and trainer at the finish. Some one yelled "Come on old kid" he gathreed himself together for the last effort and staggered across the finish.

He was caught by his anxious trainer and all was oblivion to him., Some one threw water on him and he was carried to the training shed. When he opened his eyes he knew by the looks of those around him that the meet was theirs.

“April Fool” Tamales.

“Girls do have some,” said pretty blackeyed Louis as she passed a plate heaped with candy, “this is a new recipe I’ve tried.” The six girls lounged comfortably on sofas and seats in the roomy library of Louis Anderson’s home. They had been chums for several years, all Juniors in High. They were known as the “Jolly Six” to their classmates because of the great intimacy that existed between them and because of the good times they were known to have. They had planned a little reunion “to talk over things” as Mable has said, but heretofore the inclemency of the weather made the reunion seem impossible. But after all on the night of April first the moon rose in her full glory and the girls beaming with enthusiasm made their way to Anderson’s.

“Whee! Louis, what’s the matter with this candy, what makes it taste so?” suddenly broke out Harriet with a weary face. “You made a mistake and put some salt in it, I guess exclaimed Mable getting in. “Umph! I certainly did by the way it tastes, Louis readily assented, “I’ll admit we are a bunch of April Fools, and they all laughed at the joke. Anna began to speak and they all leaned forward listening attentively “As long as it’s April Fools, and we haven’t planned any particular joke, let’s set the candy on the kitchen table and fool your brother when he comes in, Louis.” “Agreed,” they all cried in one breath “Mama and Papa aren’t home so now’s our chance,” added Louis mirthfully.

“The Six” jumped up and rushed for the kitchen. With the consent of Mary, the cook, the ingredients were mixed and placed on the stove. Lulu returned to the parlor and at a suggestion from the others, amused them all with a selection from Chopin. Suddenly she stopped. “Oh girls!” she gasped what can it be, I hear some one on the porch—it is a man I think.” Louis carelessly opened the door and peered out. “You goose,” she said “it was only the dog—fooled again!” With this conviction their fears were quieted. The candy was soon done and with a few vigorous stirs the plate was refilled with the snowy creams. “These are splendid,” laughed Helen, “tastes more like candy than the first mixture”. “Pass that plate here!” urged Lulu, “I’ve eaten a half dozen already.” “Oh! girls, don’t eat so much, I never would forgive myself should any of you get sick,” pleaded Louis. “Leave it to us,” said witty Anna,

“We always bring our appetites,” and another cream disappeared.

Footsteps were heard and Herbert, Louis’ brother, opened the door, gaily whistling, “Jungle town.” “Oh! me, “The Six,” he greeted bowing low, “hello girlyies, how are you?” and shook hands with each.

He presently retreated to the kitchen and the girls mischievously glanced at one another and he reappeared in a few minutes and stood in the doorway meditating in smiling silence, “Great Caesar, sis, what did you put in that candy?” he finally began with humorous contempt, “been experimenting”? “April Fool!”, they exclaimed simultaneously and their laughter echoed through the room. Hebert, agreeing politely left the doorway.

He mused as he went up stairs “Those girls! who could outwit them! But I must say that candy was not extra eatable. I was fooled alright. Here’s where I fool them.” For one inspiring second he viewed the situation critically. Trick after trick rapidly revolved before him. “Maybe, I could make a dummy and dress it up in my clothes and put it under Louis’ bed with just the feet visible, but shucks! that would scare the little feminines, so I won’t do that,” he slowly reflected. “Ah!” he exclaimed jumping up with his sudden resolution, “I’ll jog down to Rosenburts on West street and order some tamales to be stuffed with raw cornmeal. I shall politely offer them to the girls and watch the fun.” With this determination he hurried to the corner and caught a car for downtown. The girls prolonged their visit. Anna broke the silence by saying, “Don’t you think Miss Layton is perfectly awful to give us another ex?—why we’ve had three already this week and another coming tomorrow.” “Perfectly scandalous,” added Helen, laying her book down. “She must think we have abnormal brains to remember all that says,” protested Harriet. “As for my opinion she wants to work us to death,” said Lulu decidedly. Lois gracefully strode to the stove and poked the fire, adding another stick. “But girls it isn’t her fault she is compelled to follow the instructions.” “But she is too strenuous,” declared Mable pouting. “Wasn’t it disgusting how I bluffed in Physics today?” interrogated Harriet as the dimples played on her rosy cheeks. “You know Prof. Moreland told me to explain an example based on specific

gravity and I couldn't possibly do it. While I was collecting my scattered brains the bell rang—and what a relief!" "Well, you were lucky," answered Lulu, and all smiled. Mabel crossed the room to the door and opened it. "Didn't you hear some one? I must have been dreaming." A figure emerged from the darkness and ascended the steps, "Oh! Herb, how you frightened me! Where have you been?" "Just down town—here are some tamales," and he laid them on the table. Then he sat down in a chair nearby, wondering how they'd take it.

"Aren't you good!" they all exclaimed jumping up to get their share. Lois unwrapped the package and six plump steaming tamales rolled out. "Um—m, don't they smell good!" "Where's yours, brother?" queried Lois. "I had mine down town," Herbert answered, moving uneasily as he watched the girls untie them. Helen opened hers and lo! a delicious chicken tamale instead of the intended cornmeal. The others were opened and still no raw cornmeal appeared. Could he have made a mistake and picked up the wrong package? Sure-

ly, there was no other alternative. He fidgeted nervously, running his fingers through his hair. His face bore a look of disappointment. The girls wondered at his unusual actions but enjoyed the tamales. When each had been devoured Herbert got up and walked out, resolving not to let them know of his failure and straightway returned to the store to rectify the mistake. He realized that he was the victim of his own game. "April fooled again," he ejaculated as he walked along, "I'll not tell the girls about it for they'd have the laugh on me again. "How undeniably stupid!"

Promptly at twelve o'clock the girls began to don their sweaters and caps. "We've had such an enjoyable evening Lois, even if we were April fooled," said Helen, giving her a hug. "Anyway it turned out O. K.," chuckled Lulu, "and I had my fill of candy for once, you know that is my failing." "And those tamales were superdilump-tious," echoed Anna pinning her cap on.

"Meet at my house next," called Harriet, as they disappeared around the corner.



The Story The Tree Told

I've stood here in this little ravine by the side of the road for years. I rise out of the ravine and can see all that happens upon the road, but below in the ravine all is quiet and beautiful. This same little scream has flowed here at my feet ever since I can remember, and seems to be a part of the ravine and me.

Just over the hill there are two little cottages, a white and a brown one. They have been empty for years, but I can remember, when they were the homes of two happy families. I grew to know them, especially the children, because they often played in the stream quite near to me, and they passed me every day on their way to and from school.

There were two little boys nearly the same age—one lived in the brown house, the other in the white one. They were warm little friends in every sense of the word, for both were quick tempered and impulsive.

One day these two came from school before the others and as they approached me I could see that they were talking angrily to each other and had their little fists tightly clenched.

Suddenly there was a scream and the little boy from the brown house went headlong over the edge of the ravine and fell on the rocks near me. There he lay lifeless and white. When the other children came up they found the little boy from the white house sitting on a big boulder, his chin in his hands, his face white and drawn, gazing blankly into space. He seemed not to see or to realize any thing.

The little boy from the brown house was carried tenderly away and still his companion sat stonily by the road. No one knew how the accident had

happened and no one thought that the terror stricken child had been the cause of it. No one knew but him—and he couldn't tell!

Several years passed and the little boy of the white house gradually regained his reason and speech, but remembered his childish crime only as some horrible dream.

One day he and a little girl from the brown house came walking together down the bank of the stream. They were grown now. As they walked the man seemed to be speaking earnestly to her. But when they reached the spot where years ago, the little boy had been killed, slowly the old look of terror spread itself over the face of the man. The girl saw it and read the tale no one else knew. She quickly turned away saying, "It can never be," and went alone to the brown house with a new deep sorrow weighing her down. But she didn't tell. After all these years what was the use; and besides—she loved the man who had been the little boy from the white house.

Again several years passed. Then one afternoon a weary shabby man, stooped and gray, came down the bank from the road and sat down upon the rocks below. He folded his arms and bowed his head, while a deep sob that was more a groan, escaped him. Thus he sat for hours and I heard him groan brokenly, "I did it—and I didn't tell—I couldn't then but when I could, I didn't—and Alice didn't tell—dear Alice—but it's no use—I'm a God forsaken man—there's no one left to tell now—if only I could tell some one—" He ended with a groan, and then said no more. In the morning they found him lying on the rocks, his face still haggard with sorrow, his body wasted by sickness. He had gone where he could tell. V. N. '11.

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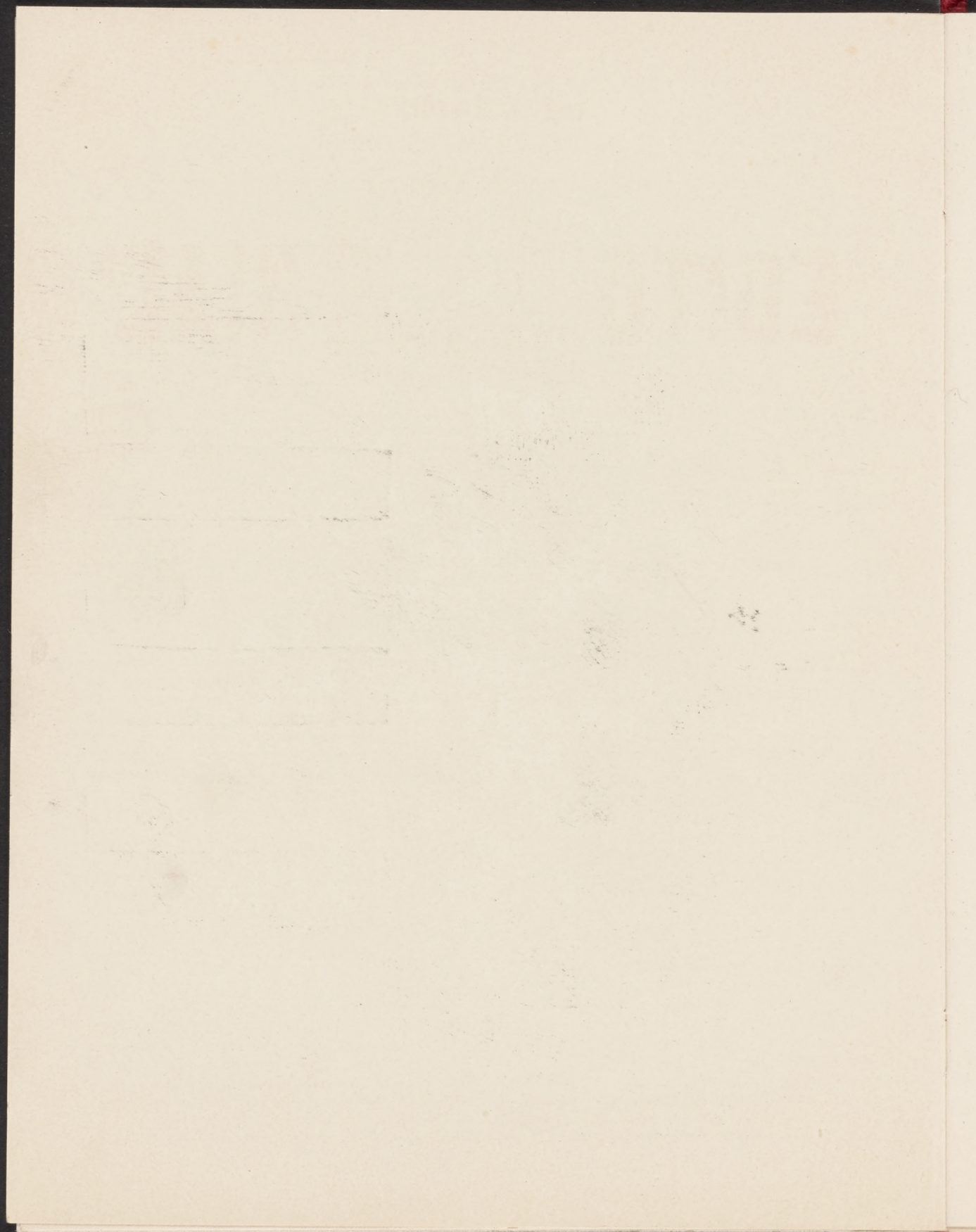
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YOU'VE probably all heard about air-castles, and know the trick they have of tumbling about one's ears at unexpected moments, but few, I'll venture, have thought of them in connection with editorial work. But editors do build air-castles, and editor's air-castles do tumble—for just as we were planning a good issue of Ye Sotoyoman for May, 'long came the measles, stranding the editor four miles from school! By some freak of fate the Assistant and Literary editors were at the same time detained at home on account of illness—and copy was due! But here appeared a heroine in the person of Kathleen Swisher who with the assistance of two other staff members, got the copy to-

gether and forwarded it to the editor. We herewith offer these energetic and interested students our hearty thanks and appreciation and every bit of the credit for this issue.

With this issue the present staff ceases its editorial efforts and next month the Seniors will get out their Commencement number. We have taken the keenest interest and pleasure in the work connected with the paper, and it is with some regret that we give it up. We wish the Seniors every success with the June paper, always the best of the year.

Reminiscences are usually in order at the close of a term's work; ours in connection with the paper, are only of pleasure. We have had the support of the school, the help of our townspeople, the value of the work to ourselves, and we believe some small measure of success. However, of the last item our readers for the past seven months are the best judges and to them we leave it.

There's just one thing we'd like to explain, however. A school paper is supposed to be, and should be a paper gotten up by a school for several purposes; to chronicle events of the school term for reference of students; to make known to the public what the school is doing, along every line; to give practice in literary work; and above everything else to show the ability of the students. And yet, many students will sit back and expect to be entertained by spicy stories, interesting news items and good write-ups, to say nothing of joshes, without bestirring themselves in the least to secure these for their paper. They take upon themselves the role of "the interested public;" they read or scorn, criticize or praise as they see fit, as though the paper was ours—the staff's. It is their's and they put it into our hands as its managers, nothing

more; their attitude should be the pride of ownership, the interests of ownership and the work of ownership. Every student should help to get copy and then there would be plenty. 'Tis true that "the editors should hustle for copy," but hustling does not imply a knee bending, imploring round of beggary; someone besides the editors should hustle in the brisker sense of that word.

Through the pages of our paper we wish to thank Dr. Weaver, of the Farmers and Mechanics Bank for his assistance in getting the excursion train which ran to Cloverdale April 3rd, the evening of the Santa Rosa-Healdsburg basket ball game. His act was one of many helpful things which the townspeople do for us and we appreciate them all. Another evidence of this is the fact that S.J. Case gave the boys the proceeds of the Nickelodeon for the afternoon and evening of

April 1st,. From this the boys realized a good sum and thank Mr. Case most sincerely for the boost.

The cup which goes to the victorious school on April 17th, is on display in Koberg's and is certainly beautiful. Mr. Koberg has devoted a small show window to our various trophies and they present a very striking appearance to the passersby. We hope that we will be able to let this new one retain its place of honor among the others.

Our girls' basket ball team has met its Waterloo at last, but we have even greater cause than before to be proud of them for they bear their defeat with soldierly fortitude and ready cheerfulness. They are now planning some games to be played here in town, and let these be well patronized by the students.





BASKET-BALL

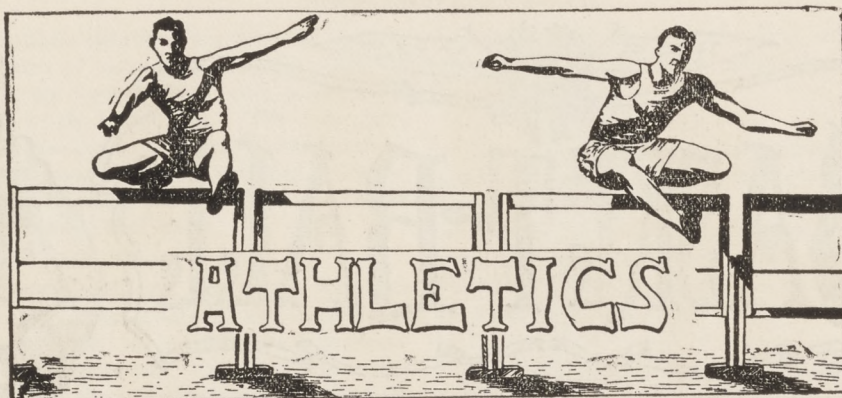


With the spring comes the girls league series the first being held in Napa with the high school of that city. The game was very much one sided, the first half ending 14-2, the second and final score being 33-5 in our favor. The H. H. S. team played splendidly and won the title of being the cleverest players ever seen in Napa city. Despite the great difference in scores, the game was interesting throughout, the victors putting up some fine playing. The Napa girls were very agreeable players and nice girls, but had not had the proper training or coaching. They scored one field throw and three free throws while our girls scored all but about five points on field goals, many of these being spectacular plays. Following the game a most enjoyable dance was given which the visitors greatly appreciated, and during their whole stay much pleasure was afforded them. The line-ups were as follows: Napa—Goalers, Jessie Coelett, capt., Dora Harrold; Guards, Vivian Adriance, Ida Van Hoop; Centers, Bernice Howell, Mina Stockman Mazie Gosling. H. H. S.—Goalers Elva Beeson Kathleen Swisher; Guards Bera Mothorn, Mary Meisner; Centers, Una Williams, Gertrude Field, Inez York. Dr. Kinley of Healdsburg referred the game and Miss Winson and Mr. Boyd umpired. The team returned by way of Santa Rosa and from there home in autos in time to witness the Healdsburg-Lowell dual meet. The Napa girls have the sincerest thanks of the local girls for the manner in which they entertained us and we hope to return the compliment at some future time.

SECOND LEAGUE GAME.

Now comes the tuther side of the story the first defeat for Healdsburg this season. Nine games have been ours by decisive scores, but now on April 3, '09, in the second league game Santa Rosa defeated us by the close score of 13 to 14.

Spirit ran high over this game which was held in Cloverdale for neutrality sake, and special trains carried many enthusiastic rooters up to the Orange city. In one side of the hall was Santa Rosa rooting section, Healdsburg's on the other. As the teams came on the field, H. H. S. girls in black bloomers and red sweaters, Santa Rosa's in black sweaters, yells rent the air and as the referee's whistle sounded the whole crowd was in a tumult of excitement. The game began—Santa Rosa started off like a flash scoring two points immediately. Again the ball went up in the center H. H. S. fouled and S.R. gained another point; score 3 to 0. Then H. H. S. scored one point starting the ball rolling. But being without our two side centers made it bad, and although every girl tried to her utmost the first half ended 10 to 3 in S. R's favor. After a rest of ten minutes, play was again resumed. This time the H. H. S. girls showed what they were made of and scored over twice as many points as their opponents. The time flew so did the girls and still the rooting section was wild. One side would foul, then the other, goalers strove to score for their sides, while every girl strained every nerve to win. The last five minutes was maddening. Scarcely the whistle could be heard for the deatening sounds from the galleries, for everyone was wild for their own side to win. Not a minute was lost but at last when the whistle blew S. R. was in the lead and were the victors. They are to be congratulated on their splendid playing and any sportsmanlike players, though opponents, could not fail to admire their playing. They have been coached to the letter by a very efficient trainer and he certainly has turned out a splendid team. For the support the goalers received from the team, and considering they had the ball more than H. H. S. it is surprising they did not score more, but our guards did some splendid work in the second half, as did the whole team. It is to be regretted that our full team was not playing but we will not offer that as an excuse and mourn over our loss, for such is no credit to athletes. Our opponents won fairly and played excellently.



Before many weeks go round three large field meets will be held in which our athletes will enter

The S. M. A. A. L., Stanford and A. A. L. The first of these comes April 17th, in Ukiah, the S. M. A. A. L. and if things happen as planned we shall have the laurels. The teams entered are Petaluma, Ukiah, Willits, Fort Bragg, and Healdsburg. Our strongest rival will be Ukiah, but with the present outlook we will triumph over them

Stein, McDonough and Young, will be the men for us in the sprints and Lampson and Hall in the distances. Beeson, will of course walk off with both hurdles and the high jump, while Young will capture the pole vault. Coolidge has been showing fine form in the shot and hammer, and we expect to see some Herculean puts from him, Scatena and Swisher following. These men are also in the discus, and Swisher will strive to secure first honors in this event. Then the relay, my how they run! For two years now we have won this event in good time and with the relay team made up of Beeson, Young, Stein, Brannum, Lampson and McDounough we surely will make a high bid for it.

On March 20th, H. H. S. and Lowell held a dual meet which ended in a tie. The weather was very disagreeable and on account of the heavy rain, both sides agreed to call the meet off after all but two or three events had been finished. The local boys did well with the exception of Stein of whom so much was expected. But every one has off days and so it was with Stein that day. The Lowell boys were fine on sprints and distances while our boys were strong in the field. The Lowell athletes were entertained by the H. H. S. boys until Sunday afternoon and were a very gentlemanly and jolly set. It was to be regretted that the meet could not be finished and despite the awful condition of affairs the meet was a very good one. Cohn and Agaze-

low L. were stars in the track, our point winners being Beeson, Coolidge, Young, Swisher, Scatena, and Stein.

SANTA ROSA vs H. H. S.

April 3, in Healdsburg the two great rivals met and after a close contest the local boys showed their mastery over their opponents, winning by a score of 68 to 63. Up to the relay the scores were even and excitement was intense. Bang! went the starter's pistol and the boys shot off, faster and faster they went leaving their opponents behind, winning the relay time 3:33. For many years a great rivalry has existed between the two schools in track work and now that the boys have shown their superiority they are feeling very much elated. Following is the summary of events:

50-yd dash—McDonough H. 1st, Young H. 2nd., Gould S. R. 3d. Time :5-4.

440-yd.—Cochrane S. R. 1st, Brannum H. 2nd, Wilson S. R. 3rd. Time :57.

120-yd hurdle—Beeson H., Lee S. R., Weeks, S. R. Time :16-1,

100 yd—Gould S. R. and McDounough tie for first, Rogers S. R. 3rd. Time :10-4

880 yd—Green, Miller, Porter. S. R. Time 2:15.

220 yd.—Rogers S. R, Brannum H. Weeks S. R. Time :25-3

220 yd hurdle—Beeson H., Lee S. R, Scatena H. Time :26-3

Relay, won by H. Time 3:33

High Jump—Beeson, Brannum H, Lee S R. Height, 5ft 6in

Pole Vault—Young H, Lee S R Pederson S R. Height 10:8

Broad Jump—Rogers S R, Green S R, Hudson S R. Distance 17ft 11in.

Shot Put—Coolidge H, Scatena H., Abeel S.R. Distance 44ft 8½ in.

Hammer Throw—Coolidge H. Webb S.R., Abeel S. R. Distance 158 ft. 8 in

Discus—Swisher H. Coolidge H. Edge H. Distance 98 ft. 7 in.



The Alumni patronized the girls Basket Ball game in Cloverdale well and showed their never failing enthusiastic spirit. Those who took the trip were: Gertrude Coffman '07, May Banks '07, Nina Luce '06, Mabel Goding '06, Ray Welch '07, Mrs. Cake, nee Stella Williams '04, Pressly Mot-horn '05, Nettie Luce '05, and Mrs McClish '95.

Daisy Silberstein '04 is at present visiting in San Francisco.

Floyd Bailey and Roy Vitousek '08 are members of the Pirate Club in Berkeley.

Charles Widlund '06 is attending the University of Oregon.

Rodney McClure '07 has accepted a position in San Francisco.

Bertha Storey '08 and May Banks '07 were home from Normal for the Mid-term vacation.

Gertrude Coffman '07 and Ethel Ferguson '06 were visitors in the H. H. S. Senate during the last session.

Harry Black '97 the Geyserville Banker has a new Reo touring car.

Dallas Wagers '08 has been up from San Francisco visiting his mother, who has been very ill.

Mrs. Maland '94 was up from Petaluma visiting relatives.

Mervin Silberstein '03 had the misfortune to fall from his motor cycle a short time ago and received injuries. However, at this writing he is much better.

Annie Amesbury '91 is visiting at her home with a party of her friends.

Jeisie Boss is contemplating attending school in San Jose next fall. She will take up a musical course.

The class of '08 held a reunion at the Pirate Club house in Berkeley April 8. A few of the members were not able to be present but a jolly time was had by the bunch that always made things ring at H. H. S. Those present were: Aubrey Butler, Addie Crispin, Connie Cooke, Rachel Fisher, Floyd Bailey, Royal Vitousek, Hurwood Griffith, Lewis Green, and Dallas Wagers.

Theo Brown '08 living in Windsor rides in quite often to visit her many friends.



Social Notes.

A new club has been formed by a number of girls to while away the time Saturday afternoons. The name of the club is a secret excepting the initials are K. K. Three meetings have been held since its organization and jolly ones they were. The first was held at Jessie Boss', the second at Kathleen Swisher's and the third at Helen Jones' home. Sewing, fancy work and embroidery are the occupations of the lasses, although it must be said that their tongues go nearly as fast as the shiny needles. The next meeting has been planned for Fitch Mountain. That is, the girls will be conveyed to the Tavern and have their lunch and sewing bee under the cool green trees. The members of the club are: Jessie Boss, Una Williams, Helen Jones, Bera Mothorn, Audry Walters, Crystal Galloway, Beth Fox and Kathleen Swisher.

FRESHMEN PARTY.

On Wednesday evening, April 7th, Mr. Will Cummings with his tallyho took a jolly crowd of Freshmen, who were chaperoned by Mrs. C. A.

York, out to the home of Sibyl Hasset, near Lytton. Games and music were the chief amusements of the evening. The game of "Musical chairs," was played, at which Gretchen Hall was awarded the first prize, while Demetrio Jeffry fell heir to the booby prize. Dainty refreshments were served in the dining room which was prettily decorated in pink and green, those being the class colors. Toasts were given by Inez York, Humbert Scatena, Walter Lampson, and Arthur Moody. At a late hour the jolly crowd dispersed after a most enjoyable evening. Those present were: Gertrude Hall, Inez York, Lenora Gibson, Susie Turner, Mary Meisner, Ethel Poe, Jessie Kron, Helen Emmrich, Hilda Emmrich, Clara Allen, Winifred Sawtell, Miss Jennie Purvine, Sibyl Hasset, Humbert Scatena, Weaver Bagley, Willard Morrison, Walter Lampson, Arthur Moody, Demetrio Jeffry, Russell Robie, Charlie Gully, Ora Mayes, Adlai Hasset, Mr. Will Cummings, Mrs. C. A. York and Mr. and Mrs. Ora Hasset.

SCHOOL



NOTES

Owing to the fact that our yell leader has been absent from school for several weeks on account of sickness, it was necessary to elect a new one for the coming field meets, and at a meeting of the student body, Cethil Jones '10 was elected to take the place of Harry Madeira '09. Cethil has been working diligently to train a yell team. May success go with him for we are in need of a good yell team. It would seem that with our success in athletics we ought to be inspired to some lusty yelling.

Iola Meeker has been enrolled in the Commercial department.

Minnie Smith, a former member of the '08 class, and who now holds a position in San Francisco, visited school one day.

Archie Hewitt, recently a member of our Freshmen class, has moved to Santa Rosa and expects to attend the High School in that city. We wish him success in his new school.

Everett Lampson '10 and Riley Swisher '10, met the girls Basket Ball Team at Santa Rosa as the team were returning from the Napa game and brought them home in their autos. The girls visited Miss Saffold while in Napa.

Joe Anderson from Petaluma High School visited at the Gladden home for a few days last month.

Gladys Hall '10 was absent for several days, on account of illness.

An excursion was run from Healdsburg to Cloverdale on April 2nd, and about seventy-five people went from here to witness the basket ball game between Santa Rosa and Healdsburg.

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There has been a scare of scarlet fever in town lately but it is subsiding somewhat now.

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EXCHANGES

Upon looking over our exchanges we see many criticisms on the "Sotoyoman," and we feel as if we are all in down and out," from the looks of things. No, seriously, those are not our feelings; each month we have improved some although many do not seem to see this. Now in this number we wish to put up a little article entitled, "Defense of our Offenses." First—Many exchanges say "your type is too small." We also realize that, but at present nothing can be done to change it. The printer's outfit allows no larger, so we simply have to do the best we can. One exchange criticised us on that point and upon comparing we found their own type was as small as ours, but gave the appearance of being larger because it was spaced further apart. We shall try that in our next issue and hope it will improve our appearance.

Another point is this, they say that our ads are not placed correctly, being scattered throughout the paper. Probably if you examine more closely you will see that there is but one ad in the literary matter and that shall be removed as soon as possible. The criticisms nearly all come from city schools, those who have money and support, you must know that in a small country town we have to put up with many inconveniences and must do some things for money,—in short, we are "victims of circumstances," so please, city schools, be more lenient with your "wee country cousins" in some respects. Though by that we don't want you to think that we don't want your aid and criticism for that is not the case. We want write ups and pointers just so we arn't completely "sat on" for our faults..

The "LITTLE PRESS" is a new exchange for us, coming from Brookston, Minn., and we wish it much success. More original matter as stories,

poems etc, would give it more the appearance of a school paper; also the arrangment could be improv-
ed upon. You are to be congratulated on getting out two issues a month and we hope you can keep this up.

"THE COGSWELL," from San Francisco is a splendid exchange and one to be proud of. In your last issue you pronounced judgement on us thus, "You are like a cheap theatre program," Maybe we are, but you can hardly blame us; being in such a region and seeing so few plays, is it not to be expected that we would want something to remind us of a theatre? Hence our paper's looking like a theatre program, although we didn't know it was a cheap one.

"THE TIGER" from Lick Hi is certainly fine. A better paper than yours, Lick, we have never received. The literary department is splendid. "His Pardner," a story simple, yet full of charm, has a force that appeals to its readers.

"THE AEGIS" with her grim cover design is an appreciated exchange and we have nothing but praise for you. The fly leaf "March" is a very attractive addition to a paper and in fact the entire edition is "sehr gut."

Here comes "THE ITEM" up from Pasadena and the only criticism is of the opening arrangement; could you not move all the ads to the back and just have the Table of Contents in front of the literary work? Or, if not, if "A Query" and the Table of Contents had been on pages alone and not with the ads it might have been better; but of course you know better what to do.

"THE FLAME," Fruitvale, is out again with a new staff. We do not believe it is up to its usual

standard, although it is very good and we wish the new staff every success. The josh column is keen.

The lack of cuts in the "OMNIGRAPH," Xenia Hi is to be deplored. Also why not give your various departments separate pages so they will show up better. Having story contests as you have is very good and we think it a splendid scheme to make every one send in stories.

The athletic number of the "BULTETIN," Montclair, is very interesting and the pictures of the various managers and captains and of the swimming team are good. You certainly carry on many branches of sports and should be proud of your records. The short story the "Critical Moment," is good but wouldn't it have been better, if possible, to have had athletic stories?

"NEWS," Eugene High school, you are dandy and we want you to come to see us often. Features of your paper are the josh columns and the frontpiece.

"Why Mr. Brown did not go to church" is a typical story of woman's missionary charity, in the "DRAGON" from Greenfield, Ohio, also the other stories are fair

Some new cuts would add to the "HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER," one of our best exchanges. You certainly must have a bunch of enthusiastic and wide awake students to have in existence the numerous societies your paper reports.

"THE INGOT" would be improved by cuts and more literary material. Probably you have the trouble all staffs have getting stories; if so you have our sympathy. More departments of school activities are needed.

The josh columns of the "WAH HOO" Alleghany Hi, are simply splendid and a better one can not be imagined. You certainly do fine to get out such a paper as you do considering you have so few ads. Cuts, however, would be a great improvement

although we must say you have a very neat paper.

The cover of the "MESSENGER," Durham, N. C., is very neat as is the entire journal. The literary department is especially well filled and the editorial thoughtfully written.

More stories would improve "THE CHRONICLE" from Kingston, Ohio, also cuts are commended. "The Girl for Me," is real catchy and a good hit of boys' philosophy.

The girls' number of "THE LOWELL" San Francisco is perfectly splendid, the literary department being the most extensive of any we have received. A few more joshes, wouldn't hurt any, and from such a large school as yours you should have more. The plan of having "A Criticism" on the material is very good.

"THE JANUS" from Hanford, is a small paper but one which shows a good spirit. A cut or so in the literary department would improve the appearance, although this is not a fault. More school departments in themselves would be better such as school notes, alumni, etc. The exchange cut is good.

Austin, Texas, you have a very good representative of an enterprising school in "THE COMET." "In Old San Antonio" is a pathetic story and appealing. If possible it would be better to avoid mixing local, society and school notes in one department. Could not the pages of ads be moved in the back, making the opening of your paper more attractive?

Why not have more original joshes, K. H. S. "ENTERPRISE," and also why not write up exchanges. The "Eleven vs. the Corporation" is keen.

The arrangement of the "NEWS" Eugene, Oregon is good, and from the school paper we infer you have a very progressive school. We would strongly advocate the edition of a burlesque issue.

Farmers and Mechanics Bank OF HEALDSBURG

C. W. WEAVER, President

J. A. McMINN, Vice-President

S. L. WATTLES, Cashier

J. H. MILLER, Assistant Cashier

CORNER POWELL AND CENTER STS.



The following took place in Sophomore English class—

Miss Nelligan, you may recite the topic on "Purgatory."

V. N.—"The Catholic's believed there were three divisions in the other world. The first was—A pause, and Miss Kimball asked, "What was it, class?" "Hell" was the reply.

"Oh! I thought that was the third" said V. N. in surprise.

Again Miss Kimball appealed to the class and learned that the third was Heaven.

"Now Miss Nelligan, what about the other part?" "I guess that must be here," said V. N., as she sat down.

For the third time the class laughed.

Miss B. (in Eng. IV.) "Will you read your paper Mr. McDonough?"

M. Mc. '09—"I don't think I can."

Miss B.—"Let me have it, perhaps I can read it for you."

M. M.—Oh! "I can read it if I had it written—but I didn't write it, therefore I can't read it."

Free from care,
leet and fair—
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Sad but sassy,
low but gassy—
ophomores.

Jolly and jealous,
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Sage and sarcastic,
ober scholastic—
eniors.

H. H. S. DICTIONARY.

Appendicitis—A modern pain, costing about \$200 more than the old fashion stomach-ache.

Atheletic—A dignified bunch of muscles unable to split wood or sift the ashes.

Bonnets—A female head trouble, which is contracted the latter part of Lent and breaks out on Easter. (See the Naughty Nine.)

Cannibal—A heathen hobo who never works, but lives on other people.

Dead—Without life. See Santa Rosa.

Deader—Windsor.

Deadeest—Chiquita.

Earth—A solid substance, much desired by the seasick.

Gun-powder—A black substance much employed in making the boundry lines of nations.

Hug—A roundabout way of expressing affection. (See the Juniors.)

Island—A place where the bottom of the sea sticks up through the water.

Jury—Twelve men chosen to decide who has the better lawyer.

Kiss—Nothing divided by two.

Miracle—A woman who won't talk. (See Bertha and Helen.) Neighbor—One who knows more about your affairs than yourself. (See Mayes.)

Onion—The all-round strength champion of the vegetable kingdom, garlic and cabbage being close rivals.

Piano—A tool frequently used in building a rough house. (See Una.)

Rhetoric—Language in a dress suit.

Shirt—Every man's bosom friend.

Usher—One who takes a leading part in a theatre.

Whiskey—Trouble put up in liquid form.

Year—A period originally including 365 days, now 325, since the other 40 are Lent.

Zebra—The crook among horses condemned to ear stripes for life.

Lazy—Pertaining to spring fever. See J. L. '09.

Lazier—F. Mc. '09.

Laziest—H. R. '10.

Imitation Hash—Sophomores Algebra class talking in the study hall.

JOHNNY'S RESOLUTIONS.

"I will not put pins in my dear teacher's hair. "Tacks will hurt the old duffer just as much. I will not quarrel and fight with my big brother in 1909." "What have I got a little brother for?" "I will not play hookey from school to go fishing or swimming." "That is in the winter time." "I will be a regular attendant at Sunday School." "At Christmas and just before vacation time of course." "I will not take my mother's currant jelly from the pantry without permission." Her raspberry jam is good enough for me. "I will be kind to dumb animals, such as dogs, lions and elephants." Stray cats and dogs had better keep out of this neighborhood. "I will not throw stones at the Chinks and Dagoes." "Ricks make them holler louder. I will not— Oh gee that's enough! They say the good die young and I want to live until I catch that red-headed boy on the next block who stuck his tongue out at me yesterday."

SUBTRACTION.

A teacher in a Western school was giving her class the first lesson in subtraction. "Now in order to subtract," she explained, "things must be of the same denomination. For instance, we couldn't take three apples from four pears, nor six horses from nine dogs." "Teacher," shouted

a small boy in the back part of the room, "Can't you take four quarts of milk from three cows?"

Favorite songs of some of the students. H. C. '09. "I can't get away to marry you to day, my wife won't let me."

M. '12 and L. H. '11—"Three little pigs went to market."

E. L. '10—"Out in an Automobile."

H. H. S. Students while at (G. H.'s party.)—"We won't go home until morning."

D. W. to E. G. '09—"Love me and the world is mine."

When you mark a letter, "Please Burn," post in the stove.

Adam and Eve's telephone number is said to have been 281 Apple.

If a two-bit piece took after a dollar, what time would it be? A quarter after one.

Why is the United States government not going to have bayonets any longer in the army? They are long enough.

Fine feathers make fine feather beds.

Laugh in ones sleeve—The direct route to the Funny Bone.

O. M. '12—"May I draw this line with a ruler." Miss K., "No draw it with your eye."

Prof. looking for fun. "Johnny what time is it by your nose?" Johnny the boot black, with many chums around. "Mine aint runnin." Is yours?

Little Fred—"Grandpa can you make a noise like a toad?" Grandpa—No. "Why do you ask?" Fred—"Pa says we'll get \$5000 when you croak."

Prof. Hinchey—"Crittie, what were two causes of the war?" Crittie '09—"Prof. H.—"A little louder please." Crittie—"I can't hear you."



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Bonnets—A female head trouble, which is c-
tracted the latter part of Lent and breaks out
Easter. (See the Naughty Nine.)

Cannibal—A heathen hobo who never worl
but lives on other people.

Dead—Without life. See Santa Rosa.

Deader—Windsor.

Deadest—Chiquita.

Earth—A solid substance, much desired by t
seasick.

Gun-powder—A black substance much e
ployed in making the boundry lines of nations.

Hug—A roundabout way of expressing affe
tion. (See the Juniors.)

Island—A place where the bottom of the s
sticks up through the water.

Jury—Twelve men chosen to decide who has t
better lawyer.

Kiss—Nothing divided by two.

Miracle—A woman who won't talk. (S
Bertha and Helen.) Neighbor—One who kno
more about your affairs than yourself. (S
Mayes.)

Onion—The all-round strength champion of t
vegetable kingdom, garlic and cabbage being clo
rivals.

Piano—A tool frequently used in building
rough house. (See Una.)

Rhetoric—Language in a dress suit.

Shirt—Every man's bosom friend.

Usher—One who takes a leading part in
theatre.

Whiskey—Trouble put up in liquid form.

Year—A period originally including 365 days, now 325, since the other 40 are Lent.

Zebra—The crook among horses condemned to wear stripes for life.

Lazy—Pertaining to spring fever. See J. L. '09.

Lazier—F. Mc. '09.

Laziest—H. R. '10.

Imitation Hash—Sophomores Algebra class talking in the study hall.

JOHNNY'S RESOLUTIONS.

"I will not put pins in my dear teacher's chair. "Tacks will hurt the old duffer just as much. I will not quarrel and fight with my big brother in 1909." "What have I got a little brother for?" "I will not play hookey from school to go fishing or swimming." "That is in the winter time." "I will be a regular attendant at Sunday School." "At Christmas and just before vacation time of course." "I will not take my mothers currant jelly from the pantry without permission," Her raspberry jam is good enough for me. "I will be kind to dumb animals, such as tigers, lions and elephants." Stray cats and dogs had better keep out of this neighborhood. "I will not throw stones at the Chinks and Dagoes." Bricks make them holler louder. I will not—"Oh gee that's enough! They say the good die young and I want to live until I catch that red headed boy on the next block who stuck his tongue out at me yesterday."

SUBTRACTION.

A teacher in a Western school was giving her class the first lesson in subtraction. "Now in order to subtract," she explained, "things must be of the same denomination. For instance, we couldn't take three apples from four pears, nor six horses from nine dogs." "Teacher," shouted

a small boy in the back part of the room, "Cant you take four quarts of milk from three cows?"

Favorite songs of some of the students. H. C. '09. "I can't get away to marry you to day, my wife won't let me."

M. '12 and L. H. '11—"Three little pigs went to market."

E. L. '10—"Out in an Automobile."

H. H. S. Students while at (G. H.'s party.)—"We won't go home until morning."

D. W. to E. G. '09—"Love me and the world is mine."

When you mark a letter, "Please Burn," post in the stove.

Adam and Eve's telephone number is said to have been 281 Apple.

If a two-bit piece took after a dollar, what time would it be? A quarter after one.

Why is the United States goverment not going to have bayonets any longer in the army? They are long enough.

Fine feathers make fine feather beds.

Laugh in ones sleeve—The direct route to the Funny Bone.

O. M. '12—"May I draw this line with a ruler." Miss K., "No draw it with your eye."

Prof. looking for fun. "Johnny what time is it by your nose?" Johnny the boot black, with many chums around. "Mine aint runnin." Is yours?

Little Fred—"Grandpa can you make a noise like a toad?" Grandpa—No. "Why do you ask?" Fred—"Pa says we'll get \$5000 when you croak."

Prof. Hinchey—"Crittie, what were two causes of the war?" Crittie '09—"Prof. H.—"A little louder please." Crittie—"I can't hear you."

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Policeman—"Are you lost Hans?" Hans—who can't find his way back to his boarding house. "I am not lost, I know where I am. I am right here, It vos dot pording house vot is lost yet."

A Junior, after listening to remarks by Prof. Bull on Lincoln's bust.—"Wonder what the grammar school wants of a buss?"

Where there's a will there's a lawsuit.
Home is where the mortgage is.

A little boy was asked by his teacher to define the fluid known to chemists as H 20. Almost without hesitation the bright little chap answered. "Water is a colorless liquid, which becomes black when you wash your hands in it."

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Prof. H. to History class IV. "Have any of you ever been to the home of the feeble minded." Classe giggled. Mr. H. smiled.

Prof. Henchey (to short hand class.)

"Why should we use the relative pronoun THAT in this sentence."

Pupil: "Because it sounds best."

Prof. H.—"Now class, this isn't music."

Freshies—Thou shalt not steal (ink.)

Sophe Girls—Thou shalt not love Freshie boys.

Juniors—Thou shalt not over tax thy mental capacity.

Senors—Thou shalt "skidoo."

Prof H. (to students)—"Now I wish those who chew gum would please quit it." Why did every one look at Mary?

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H. J. '11—(translating Latin.) "These people, even in the coldest weather, had no clothing or skin."

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HEALDSBURG, CAL.

Mike fell from a tree and demanded angrily of his staring companion—"Pat why didn't ye catch me" "Shure," responded Pat—"I was wating fer yez to bounce."

V. N. '11—Very soberly, speaking of the Puritans. "They were not allowed to kiss each other on Sunday." How awful, the class thought.

The poor benighted hindoo
Does the best he kin—do.
He sticks, to his caste
From first to last,
And for clothes he makes his skin do.

Mrs. O'Riely—"Moike rock the baby." Moike—"Be gorry I would if oi had a rock."

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Sweet little Emly Rose
Was tired and about to repose,
But her brother named Clarie,
Put a tack in the chair
And sweet little Emily Rose.

L. Y. '11—"She was the grandson of James
—ss."

Mr. Bull's advice—"Now when you get up,
talk from your feet."

German teacher:—"Class, what is an Island?"
Little girl—"It as a body of vater surrounded mid
Land." Teacher—"That was not right. What do
you think it is Jimmie? Jimmie—"I think it vos a
beer keg surrounded mit Dutchmen.

Prof. Bull—"What is the displacement of
brine? (Bryan.) Senior—"Taft."

Why is an old maid like a bad lemon? Because
neither is worth squeezing.

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